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H. O. BOWEN. L. E. CHILDRESS.

BOWEN & CHILDRESS,

Attorneys at Law, Pickens, S. C.

Oct. 15, 1893.

D. R. J. W. NORWOOD, Dentist, Dr.

W. M. N. WOOD, Assistant. Office, 88 1/2 Main Street, Greenville, S. C.

Jan. 9, '93

D. R. J. P. CARLISLE, Dentist, Greenville, S. C.

Office over Austin & McGee's Drug Store.

D. R. J. F. WILLIAMS is now permanently located at Pickens, and offers his Professional Services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Office and residence at the Griffin House. Oct. 26—3m

The Exchange Hotel, GREENVILLE, S. C.

C. W. HENDERSON, Proprietor.

Modern Improvements. Large Rooms. Special Attention to Commercial Travel and Tourists. Table Fare Unsurpassed. Fine Climate the year round. Ap. 7, '92

J. E. HAGOOD, J. L. THORNLEY, JR.

HAGOOD & THORNLEY BROS.,

Livery, Feed, Sale & Exchange Stables, Easley and Pickens, S. C. (Opposite Hotel.)

Carriages, Buggies, and Saddle Horses, at reasonable rates.

Your patronage solicited.

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Clark & Cooper,

Dealers in

Marble and Granite Monuments,

TOMBSTONES, of every description. Also, MARBLE, STATUARY, VASES and Wrought Iron FENCING, Greenville, S. C. Sept. 19, '91.

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If you want the finest PICTURES made in the State, go to

Wheeler's Studio,

115 McCor Avenue Greenville, S. C.

Crayon Portraits a specialty. April 7—y

Misses McKay

Has ready for inspection

Latest styles in

Walking Hats for Ladies and Children.

Infants Caps and Hats,

All the Novelties

"All Goods at Cost for 30 days."

PRIZE WINNERS

Furnished on 15 days trial when the proper contract is signed.

If you want an organ of Reputation

Buy the **Carpenter Organ.**

LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH,

W. J. B. STILES,

Nov. 9, '93

S. M. SNIDER,

Dealer in

Watches, Diamonds & Jewelry,

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REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Oct. 19, '93m

GO TO

BACOT'S

DRUG STORE

To Buy the best DRUGS, at the lowest prices.

Full line of BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY and SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Closing out our **PAINTS, AT COST!**

A full line of **ARTIST'S MATERIALS.**

D. T. BACOT & CO.,

West Greenville, S. C.

Oct. 5, 1893.—6m.

\$100 Reward

For the Merchant that gives you more Goods for your money than I will. Just notice the following prices:

CLOTHING—NEW STOCK.

Youth's Suits at \$3.74

Do. do 4.75

Do. do 5.50

Men's do 4.75

Do. do 6.50

Do. do 7.00

and up to \$15.00.

Coffee 10 pounds to the dollar.

Cotton Checks 4 c. by the box.

3-4 Shirting 4 c. " " "

Prints, all styles, from 4 1-2 to 6 c. all colors 7c.

Good Brogan Shoes 75 cents—other Shoes in proportion.

A lot of Shoes, small and large No., at cost.

Childrens course shoes 124 cents per pair.

Jean's at 18, 20, 24 and 30 cents. Can't be beat at the price.

I will buy your lint Cotton, Seed Cotton, and Cotton Seed, at market prices. Also, dry or green Hides.

Mr. C. H. Parkins and Richard T. Hallum, are now with me, and will be glad to meet their friends.

Respectfully,

J. H. Brown

Liberty, S. C., Oct. 12, 1893.

Smith & Smith,

Is the Place for

CHEAP FURNITURE.

Split Bottom Chairs,

Cribs, Cradles,

Tables, Washstands

Wardrobes,

Bureaus,

Bedsteads, Mattresses,

Carpets,

Coffins and Caskets,

Day and Night.

Telephone Nos. 61 and 35.

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The Best and Largest

STOCK OF

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS,

BOTH WHITE AND YELLOW PINE,

CEILING, FLOORING, WEATH-

ERBOARDING, BOX-BOARDS,

WASH-BOARDS, PARTITION

MOULDING, & C.

HOT-BED SASH, 3 FEET BY

6 FEET, at \$1.75 Each.

Please give us a call when you need Building Material.

T. C. GOWER & SON,

101 Washington Street,

Greenville, S. C.

Oct. 19.

Drugs! Drugs!

I HAVE on hand at all times a full line of pure DRUGS, CHEMICALS, TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, FINE STATIONERY. A large stock of COUGH SYRUPS that will cure your Coughs and Colds.

A full line of Diamant EYE GLASSES and SPECTACLES for your eyes. I will fit you up so that it will be a pleasure for you to read.

As it is now time to go to Gardening come and see about

Garden Seeds,

Will keep a full line on hand.

Then there are PAINTS and OILS in full line... and every thing usually found in a first-class Drug Store.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, day or night.

When you come to Easley give me a call. Respectfully

C. N. Wyatt, M. D.

Quillman's Old Stand

Easley, S. C., Feb. 9, 1893. 1y

GOODS JUST

ARRIVED.

CHRISTMAS GOODS COMING

IN.

"Dry Good" is so cheap than ever.

Arbuckle's Coffee at 25 cts. per pound.

You can save money by buying goods from me.

James E. Brown's,

Central, S. C., Nov. 30 93

THEY DEFY IMITATION.

Invention Can Supply No Substitutes For

Wholesale or Retail.

With all our boasted labor saving machinery and modern inventions there are numerous articles entering into the economy of manufacture which seem crude and simple, but which defy imitation.

No one, for instance, has ever been able to find a substitute for whalebone.

With the diminution of the supply and the enormously increased cost of the article, scores of inventors have turned their attention to the article and attempted to supply a substitute, but up to the present time nothing as durable, tough and pliable as whalebone has resulted.

Another article without which no woolen manufacturer could prepare certain goods for the market is the teal.

It is absolutely essential in raising a nap on cashmeres and soft woolen fabrics, and although scores of imitation teazels have been invented none is found to give the satisfaction of the odd little burr, with its stiff little hooks, which is so extensively exported and cultivated for the cloth finishing trade.

Persons who have never seen a teal can imagine a fur cone, set all over with little burrs. It is really a burr, or flower head, or thistle top of the plant dipacus, and so identified is it with cloth dressing, and so long and so general has been the use of the teal for the purpose mentioned, that it is even reflected in its botanical name, Dipacus fullonum, or "fuller's teal."

However familiar the teal may be to persons familiar with woolen manufacture, or to those who live in countries where it is extensively cultivated, the fact remains that the great majority of persons have never heard of such an article and will be astonished to learn in what enormous quantities they are raised.

In France alone 6,000 acres of land are exclusively devoted to the cultivation of the teal. French manufacturers use annually nearly \$2,000,000 worth of the prickly heads and export during the same period upward of 60,000 tons, valued at \$2,500,000. When it is considered that a teal weighs not more than an ordinary burdock, the vast quantity exported can be realized in part.

In addition to the French crop, which is the most highly esteemed, teazels are produced in enormous quantities in Austria, England, Belgium, Poland and the Crimea. Until recently they did not grow satisfactorily in the United States, but now they are quite extensively grown in Oneida county, in this State, and possibly elsewhere, and it is said return a fair profit to the cultivator for the outlay of money.

The prickles of the teal have a small knob at the end, and this mounted on an elastic stem, and set with great precision on the central spindle, which, revolving, raises the surface of the cloth, plays a nap which mechanical contrivances have always failed in equaling.—New York Herald.

Eccentricity In Literary Taste.

Curious whims are occasionally shown by readers at the Public Library. There was a woman who regularly every Friday came for a volume of sermons. She did not mind whose sermons, nor what the subject, so long as they were religious discourses of some sort. Monday she would come back, return the sermons and take out a novel to unbend her mind until the next Friday, when the sermons would again be in demand. There was another woman who would never read anything but a religious novel, as she called it, not such a one as "Ben-Hur" or one with a particular religious tenet to inculcate, but a book with a clergyman as its chief character. Swinburne's "Heavenly Arcana" was read daily for years by an eccentric old gentleman. He would draw the book, keep it two weeks, return it with his place marked and call early the next morning to take it out again. He never took any other book from the library, and finally died, leaving his place marked as usual. There is one old man who will never read a book written by a woman. He reads good books continually, but will have nothing to do with a volume bearing a woman's name as its author.—Boston Herald.

One of the Paino Anecdotes.

A volume could be made of the good stories in which the venerable Henry W. Paino, who ended his long life here, is the central figure. Mr. Paino undoubtedly knew more law than many of our judges. He himself had declined a seat on the supreme bench of his native state of Maine and again when Governor Bullock tendered him the succession to Chief Justice Bigelow in Massachusetts. But he was not arrogant of his learning, and it is only as illustrating his preternatural humor that the story is told of him, how, when seen reading a lawbook on a street car, a friend said, "What! Mr. Paino, you reading law?" "This is not law; it is a volume of supreme court decisions."—Boston Commonwealth.

The Advantage of Light Heads.

"I come of a very old family," boasted Watkins as the party sat around the fire at the club lying about their ancestors.

"I suppose they were in the ark with Noah," sneered Smith, who affects to despise those who claim a long line of ancestors.

"They didn't have to get into the ark," interrupted Simpson, who dislikes Watkins; "the family is so light headed they floated like cork."

Then Smith touched the button, and by his presence of mind prevented a riot.—Philadelphia Call.

His Fatal Nervos.

Father—Well, young man, I understand, that you love my daughter?

Nervous Youth—N-n-n-no, sir; I wish to marry her.—Exchange.

What a devil of a time there would be should truth and gossip got married.

SHOOTING HONKERS.

GREAT SPORT WHICH IS FOUND IN THE NORTHWEST.

Countless Swarms Which Congregate Between the Red River Valley and the Mississippi—Shooting Does Not Appear to Diminish Their Number.

Wild geese hunting on the plains of the northwest is a sport which always has great charm even for the experienced Nimrod. It is a sport replete with incident and a recreation which must once be indulged in to be thoroughly appreciated. The wild geese is known in all parts of North America, but in no section of the country does this bird appear in such numbers as in that territory lying between the Red River valley and the Missouri river. There the geese swarm in countless numbers and become corpulent on the grains of No. 1 hard which have been shaken from the stalk by the reaper and are lying in the stubble everywhere. Large numbers of the birds are killed by resident hunters and for eastern markets, but no apparent diminution is noticeable in the size and number of the flocks to be seen when the shooting season begins each year.

An hour's lively sport with the honkers on the wheatfields of North Dakota means but one thing to the inexperienced hunter, and that is something for his pains, especially if he happens to get in a well concealed stand directly in the line of flight. Then it is nothing uncommon for him to "tumble over" a wagon load of geese in very short order. Wild geese are a staple commodity in North Dakota and readily bring from \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen during the shooting season. In the little towns and stations along the Northern Pacific railway, during the fall and spring flights, almost everybody turns out for a few hours in the morning and toward the close of the day to shoot at the geese, and a right warm reception are the birds treated to. Many will ride to the outskirts of the town and the passing myriads of geese in the air will bring down a bird at long range.

The hunter who is out for business and is shooting for market and the money there is in it drives out 10 or 15 miles over the prairie several hours before daylight, and after selecting a spot where the geese have been seen in great numbers the day before digs a pit in the ground large enough to conceal himself and arranges the stubble or grass about the mouth of it so as to present a natural appearance. Close by he plants his decoys and settles back in the pit and anxiously awaits the coming of the morning. It is still dark, but from every quarter of the prairie come sounds of animal life which foretell the coming of a new day. The mournful cry of the curlew is heard overhead, and a flock of plover demonstrate their close proximity by the hurrying noise of their wings.

For some time he sits in a cramped position, listening to the booming notes of a prairie chicken, which bird is pouring forth a volume of drumlike sounds. The sharp yelp of a coyote not far away is unmistakable evidence that that thriving, skulking animal has jumped up a cotton tail and is hustling for an early breakfast. At the first peeping of the gray dawn the hunter suddenly hears a welcome sound—the faint and faraway honk-honk of the geese. He examines his gun and notes the direction of the sound. Nearer and nearer the sound comes, and finally he ventures to take a peep out of the pit and discovers the distant outlines of a large flock spread out V shaped in the morning sky, bearing off to one side. Apparently they have not seen the decoys, and the hunter thinks it is yet too dark.

Suddenly the leader is seen to waver, and with loud cries the flock turns and circles around the decoys as if suspicious of their genuineness, but drawing nearer at each turn. They have approached within easy shooting distance, and just as soon as the flock pitches down among the decoys the loud bang! bang! of a heavily loaded shotgun is heard, and two puffs of smoke are seen coming apparently from the surface of the earth a short distance away. Several geese are lying on the ground, and one is skimming away over the prairie with a tipped wing.

Some other flocks appear, and the shooting becomes lively until the sun is fully two hours high, when the flocks diminish, both in size and number, and with the exception of a few stragglers the morning flight is over.

Crystal Springs is the name of a small station on the Northern Pacific, 30 miles west of Jamestown, N. D. There are several small alkali lakes in close proximity to the station and a number of springs in the hills near by, from which the place gained its name. The town proper consists of a depot, boarding house and water tank and a population not exceeding 10 souls. One April morning a few years or so since the writer, in company with the telegraph operator at the place, sallied forth in quest of geese, large flocks of which were seen circling around and alighting on a small lake, fringed with bushes and tall grass, not over a mile from the station. After a full hour spent in crawling over the ground and keeping out of sight as much as possible the hunters crept through the grass to the bushes and looked cautiously out.

Upward of 1,000 geese were sporting on the water, diving, squawking and carrying on a great rattle. When the edge of the flock had been reached the hunters raised their guns and gave them a barrel, following it up with the remaining barrel as they rose heavily from the water. Twenty-eight geese were gathered up as the result of the shot, 24 of them the white or brant geese. The remaining four were fine specimens of that variety of all birds of its species—the blackhead or Canadian goose. The morning's work was highly satisfactory.—Cleveland Leader.

Talking about handsome skipper, what's the matter with a pretty girl reading a prosy novel

A LIVING MUMMY.

A Traveler Tells of One He Found In an Egyptian Domicile.

"We went into the hut after some hesitation—the dragoman whispered there were no ladies there—and found a vigorous old man, telling his Mussulman beads crosslegged on a mud bench, and on the floor bent over the fire the oldest looking human being I ever saw alive.

"Mummies I have seen, and wondered not that they were dead, but in what part of her withered desiccated frame that old woman found space to keep the stern vital energies that lined her grim, but grilles and passages they seemed so deep and fallow. But for the occasional upturned glance of her cold, unquenching eye I could not have supposed her anything else than one of the remotest queens of Egypt.

"The old man gave us a lusty welcome and sent for milk and dates and filled our pockets. He showed us his long spear that hung against the wall and told that with a proud gesture that he had often killed his man, but more often with a sword, and taking me by the shoulder showed me fiercely how he used to do it. He was 90 years old and had never been farther from home than Assuan, and then only once.

"All his sons sat and stood round us, and in the background against the mud granary white teeth glimmered and the broad, black faces of the women shone. I asked him what present he would like, and he asked for a little rice and a little coffee. All the time he clutched and fingered his Muslim rosary, which, when I admired, he wanted me to accept. The son came back with us to the kitchen and carried off the coffee and rice in envelopes, to which I added a handful of cigarettes and a couple of oranges, with particular injunctions that one was to be given to the old gentleman."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Weird Love Story.

"The strangest test of will power and endurance ever made," said E. D. Gonzalez of the City of Mexico, at the Southern, "was in Mexico, the characters being a Mexican girl and an American man. They were lovers, and the girl's parents refused their consent to the union, insisting that she should marry a wealthy Mexican suitor. At the suggestion of the girl they agreed to die together, and to test the strength and endurance of each other's love they chose a means of suicide unlike any ever dreamed of before. Food and fruit were placed on a table in the center of a room, occupied by both, the girl having escaped from her home, but being unwilling to clope with her lover. It was agreed that they should starve to death with plenty before them, and should either succumb to nature and partake of the food then both were released from the bond of death, but the should be an everlasting separation. For 12 days they endured the pangs of hunger without a murmur or a thought of wavering from their purpose to die together. The twelfth day the father of the girl discovered her whereabouts, and breaking the door they were carried out, too faint to stand alone. It took them several days to recover their strength, and when they did they were married. This is a true statement, and the American is living with his Mexican wife today."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Counterfeit Coins.

Within the last few years numbers of forgeries of extremely rare coins in the British museum and in private collections have been sold by auction in London. So good is their execution that it seems probable that means have been devised for casting steel dies on plaster casts or of hardening electrotype dies. The manufacture of rare "sigeo pieces," carried on in one of our midland towns, shows a far lower amount of skill.

When genuine but defaced coins are restruck with new impressions, it is very difficult to discover the fraud. Some genuine ancient coins are surprisingly in this manner—as, for instance, a whole class of Jewish coins which are struck on Roman silver denarii. But when the image and superscription of William III can be discerned underlying the device on a rare crown piece of Elizabeth the question of its authenticity is soon solved.—Longman's Magazine.

The Law of the Jungle.

The law of the jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with spears and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that man is the weakest and most defenseless of all living things, and it is unprofitable to touch him. They say, too—and it is true—that man eats because he is lazy and loses their teeth.—Rudyard Kipling in St. Nicholas.

Strange.

It seems that some 180,000 persons commit suicide yearly. When one realizes how large is the number of persons who are "tired of life," it seems doubly strange that so few of one's own enemies should be among them.—Milwaukee Journal.

A man mad with whiskey naturally uses intemperate language.

Teacher's Column.

W. W. F. BRIGHT, Editor.

Course of Study for the Public Schools.

At a late meeting of the State Board of examiners Professor McCain, of Duo West was appointed to prepare a course of study for the public schools of the State.

The work has been completed. Professor McCain prefates the course with the following remarks:

The State Board of Examiners feels that there is need of a graded course of study in the public schools of South Carolina. Under the present system each school is left to itself and as teachers are often young and inexperienced, it could not be expected that they would be able to arrange a course in such a way as to accomplish the best results. They have no doubt done the best they could under the circumstances, but if they had a course outlined for them they could have done still better work, and the children could have made still better progress.

Other States have adopted some such plan as the one here prepared and they are most highly pleased with the results. It gives more uniformity to the work of the schools.

It secures the regular progress of the pupil from year to year, whether under the same or under different teachers. It gives to the various studies their proper place and emphasis, and thus prevents a change or a more repetition of studies when a new teacher takes charge of a school. It enables the pupils to study with much more interest as it sets before them a definite end to be completed.

As the conditions vary somewhat in different localities, it is expected of course that it will sometimes be necessary for the teacher, in the exercise of his judgment, to make some changes in the plan in order to adapt it to the special needs of his school.

It is recognized that the length of the school term is not the same everywhere. Average time, however, is about three and a half or four months. In two years therefore the children of the public schools receive about the same amount of instruction as is received in town or city schools where the session is usually about eight months long. Accordingly in this course of study two school years of about four months each are taken together as if they constituted one session of about eight months. Schools that run for a longer or a shorter period than four months can complete more or less of the course in one year.

The patrons of each school are earnestly advised to supplement, whenever it is possible, the public funds in order that the schools may everywhere be open for eight months each year.

The rest of the article, which covers twenty-five legal cap pages of manuscript, suggests a course of study and is filled, in the form of an essay, with suggestions and advice to the teachers in minute detail as to how the different branches and grades should be taught. That part of the article is of interest and value to the teachers, all of whom will be supplied with it.—Palmetto Teacher.

In the list of books published two weeks ago, the following